UTE WAR WHOOP SIGNALS TRIUMPH OVER CRAFTY HUN

Chief Ross, Who Saluted Once and Says, "Ugh," Shines as Scout

CARRIES GERMAN PISTOL

Field Glasses Appear Mysteriously When Officer Admits He'd Like to Have a Pair

The Ute war cry rang through a French town the other day when Chief Ross, otherwise Private Ross, battalion scout of the — Infantry, during a moment of triumph over his German enemy, forgot himself and uttered the ancient battle cry of his race.

A year ago, when Private Ross bade farewell to his native state—Arizona—and shed his buckskin riding trousers for a uniform, he immediately became a chief. Not a chief with the same executive powers as the chiefs that ruled over his race years ago, but a plain buck private chief. His white brethren insisted on calling him Chief the first day he arrived in camp, although he peeled potatoes for the mess sergeant that day, and real chiefs are not supposed to do K.P.

Chief Ross is not what you would call a model soldier. He has been known to salute an officer only once, and that was when he had gone to his captain for the third time to request a pass. He says "Ugh" for "Yes, sir," and shakes his head for "No, sir." He never talks much, although he has a fair knowledge of English. He had smiled up to the other day only once since he has been in the Army, and that, his comrades say, was when his scout commander promised him a certain something if he would accomplish a certain errand which the officer was about to send him upon.

It was at a training camp in America that a scout captain first noted the scouting abilities of Chief Ross. One day the regiment was maneuvering, and it was necessary to send out scouts. Chief Ross was selected. A detachment, commanded by the captain, was to act as the enemy, and it was Chief Ross' duty to scout ahead of the advance guard, locate the enemy and report his location to the colonel.

Enemy Is Located

An hour later the Indian reported the exact location of the "enemy" and then disappeared. When the captain and his detachment had been captured Chief Ross brought up the rear. He had returned to their position and hid behind a log to avoid a mistake in case the "enemy" changed its location. During his going and coming the scout had been unobserved, and the captain was much surprised on learning that his position in a thick berry patch had been under observation by Ross from the time he entered it until his capture.

When the regiment arrived in France, Chief Ross, with 40 others, was chosen as a battalion scout. Then it was that his real work began.

The first day the regiment went into battle, Chief Ross was very active. By night, he knew every shell hole in No Man's Land, the location of every machine gun nest and sniper's post.

It was during that first day of battle that the Indian scout relapsed into a silence profound even for him. He spoke to no one except on rare occasions. When directed to perform a certain errand, he merely grunted and then faded away into the forest or underbrush. The errand performed and he has never failed to perform one yet, whether it be a machine gun nest that needs silencing or only a sniper he would return to his own lines with out even so much as making a report to h' at commander.

Admired by Poilus

His actions were noticed by the French officers and poilus. What they regarded him as at first they were too polite to tell, but soon they began to understand and admire him.

There came the night at Fismes when the scout officer and patrol found themselves lost in a dark wood. They dared not go one way or another without first obtaining proper information as to their location for fear of walking into the German lines. They were discussing their problem when a dark form crawled out from under a shelter and approached the lieutenant.

It was Chief Ross. He walked over to the officer, pulled at his coat sleeve and bade him follow, uttering one of his grunts. Fifteen minutes later the party walked back into its own lines.

Chief Ross developed a certain paternal affection for a German luger pistol that he had captured one night in the enemy trenches. He carries it with him wherever he goes for ear that one of his white brothers will annex it in his absence if he leaves it lying around. He has been known to sleep with it strapped to his belt.

It is with this automatic pistol that he accomplishes his various tasks as a battalion scout. He seldom carries anything else except hand grenades. His supply of ammunition is always low, but he manages to visit the German trenches often enough to keep supplied, and this German-made weapon has killed many Boches.

Job for the Chief

The scout commander expressed his desire to acquire a pair of German field glasses. He made the remark to another officer in the presence of Chief Ross. That night a scouting party went out, and Chief Ross was of it. Next morning the Indian approached the scout commander and presented him with a pair of field glasses. "I get him dug-out," he explained, pointing towards the Germans lines.

It was last week, during the American advance beyond Fismes across the Vesle, that the greatest test of all came. A machine gun was holding up the advance with a harrassing fire.

It was broad daylight—three o'clock in the afternoon. The task of silencing the machine gun was left to the scout commander. A picked patrol was to go out and accomplish the job. The work fell on Chief Ross and three companions, the three being picked because they are almost as clever as Ross himself.

The patrol disappeared into the underbrush with the Indian leading, his luger pistol ready and two grenades bulging in his hip pocket.

The machine gun emplacement, it was discovered, was in the high window of a building not 200 yards from the American line. Two men were left out front to draw its fire, and Chief Ross and the fourth man advanced on the position from two sides.

It was Ross who got within range first. He crawled up to within a few yards of the building and could see the muzzle of the machine gun protruding through the window.

An instant later, a well aimed grenade hurled from the Chief's right hand burst inside the compartment, killing one of the two Germans and demolishing the gun. The surviving German retreated through a back window and slid to the ground directly behind the building, where he would be protected by German machine gun fire from the rear.

It was certain death to attempt to reach the retreating Hun from either side of the building, as machine guns were then pouring forth a hailstorm of bullets.

The German was cunning, but not nearly so cunning as the Ute. Chief Ross swung himself up to the roof, and, catlike, approached its ridge, where he had a commanding view of his fleeing enemy.

Three shots did the job.

It was then that Chief Ross released his tribe's ancient war whoop. It was his moment of triumph, and if the other members of the patrol could have seen the Indian's face at that moment, they might have seen him smile for the second time since he has been in the Army.

TO A DOUGHBOY

I watched you slog down a dusty pike,
One of many, so much alike,
With a spirit keen as a breath of flame,
Ready to rise and read to strike
Whenever the fitting moment came;
Just a kid with a boyish grin,
Waiting the order to hustle in
And lend your soul to the battle thrill,
Unafraid of the battle din
Or the guns that crashed from a hidden hill.

I watched you leap to the big advance,
With a smile for Fate and its fighting chance,
Sweeping on till the charge was done;
I saw your grave on a slope of France
Where you fell asleep when the fight was won;
Just a kid, who had earned his rest
With a rifle and helmet above his breast,
Who proved, in answer to German jeers,
That a kid can charge a machine gun nest
Without the training of forty years.

I watched the shadows drifting by
As gray dusk came from a summer's sky,
And lost winds came from beyond the fight,
And I seemed to hear them croon and sigh:
"Sleep, little dreamer, sleep tonight;
Sleep tonight, for I'm bringing you
A prayer and a dream from the home you know;
And I'll take them word of the big advance,
And how you fought till the game was through
And you fell asleep in the dust of France."

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Worn shoes washed in big steamroller tubs the same as your collars are washed back home, and punctured and badly wounded rubber boots patched and vulcanized by the methods the tire managers in the garage—these are two of the hurry-up ways in which the Army salvage plant at Blois is cutting time and labor in making old shoes and boots into new.

No other shoe plant in the world washes shoes in a laundry machine, the salvage men say. Soaking hardened shoes in oil vats is another new feature.

In repairing rubber boots, big-scale operations have produced more novel methods. For instance, there's the drying of boots after they have been thoroughly washed. The boots are placed, soles down, over hollow tubes out of which rush continuous blasts of hot air.

After all the torn parts have been cut away and the edges cleaned—perhaps the whole heel and half of the sole must be taken off—the boot is shoved on an iron last of exact size. Expert tire repair men then build up new fabric in the holes, using strips of raw rubber, and a molded heel if necessary. Then the boot is clamped in a steam-frame and baked until the new parts are as solid as the old.

Shoes that can't be repaired are not wasted. French girls shred their uppers into leather shoe strings, each shoe making seven or more strings.

There are machines, acting on the player-piano principle, in the hospital records department of the Chief Surgeon's office that have mechanical electric brains that tell infallibly just how many soldiers are in hospitals with mumps and influenza, or gunshot wounds of the arms and legs—tell just how many men are suffering from each disease, and how many have been wounded in each part of the anatomy.

Not only that, but the machines sort the names of the sick and wounded alphabetically, record changes in diagnosis and complications, tell the dates of admission and discharge from hospital, the total number of days in hospital, and whether sickness or injury was in line of duty. They tell a lot of other things, too.

The basis of the system is a record card printed something like a meal ticket or street car transfer. When the lists of the sick and wounded come to headquarters a card is made out for each man. French girls run the cards through machines which punch little holes in all the ruled divisions of the card, the location of each hole definitely marking the number assigned to a disease or wound, dates, names by the first four letters, and all the other data to be recorded.

The card contains 35 or more holes when finished. They look like a section of a player-piano roll. The punctured cards go to the electric tabulating machines, through which they run at fastest machine gun speed, little speedometer dials clicking up the figures sought.

After being tabulated the cards are run through machines which sort them alphabetically by name or according to any other information desired. For instance, this machine will sort out at one time the cards of all men with fractures of the arms or legs, wounds of the head, face, abdomen and chest, and a dozen other parts of the anatomy if desired.

Lieutenants who used to drive cream-colored understung racers, and were in the habit of telling confidentially how "she'd make over 70 any time you stepped on her," won't have much chance to travel along French roads so fast that the poplar trees look like a wall.

The Sunbeams and Packards and Wintons of the A.E.F. have got to be mighty circumspect on the open roads and in the towns of the S.O.S. from now on. For the word has been passed round that M.P.'s on motor-cycles are flitting around the headquarters towns, and they're going to be just as rough as the township constable who used to build a new porch to his house out of one week's justice court fees.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ON EQUAL FOOTING

Those Entering Service With Guard Units in Line for Promotion

Medical officers who came into the A.E.F. with former National Guard units are under the same rules for promotion as government medical officers originally belonging to the Medical Reserve Corps, the Deputy Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., has just announced.

This is in accordance with the General order recently issued by the President abolishing the distinctions of Regular Army, National Army, Reserve Corps and National Guard, and specifying there is but one Army, the United States Army, and providing that commissions in it may be regarded as permanent, provisional or temporary.

The Chief Surgeon recently announced that medical officers would be placed in grades for promotion, based on these factors: Age and length of professional experience, length of service in Army, and character of Army service with reference to hardships undergone and deeds of gallantry. It was specified also that officers under 31 would not be promoted, except where they had rendered especially distinguished service or had been more than one year on active duty.

'SHELL SHOCK' LABEL NO LONGER IN USE

Diagnosis Must Be More Specific, Says Chief Surgeon's Bulletin

The term "shell shock" will not be accepted as a diagnosis or disability or death, according to a bulletin from the office of the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F. "It is not a medical term, but a piece of military slang," adds the bulletin.

"If the medical officer thinks the man has been 'concussed' or is physically exhausted he should say so," it continues, "and if he thinks the soldier is suffering more from nervousness than from concussion or exhaustion, he should say so by using the terms provided in the nomenclature of diseases or the symbol N.Y.D., followed by 'nervous' in parentheses."

The term "shell shock," it is explained in the bulletin, is not permitted in the British or French armies nor in the armies of the enemy.

"The chow was swell today—the best we've had up here yet."

"Hell it was! Where was you when the shell come over?"

CITIZENSHIP OPEN TO A.E.F. SOLDIERS

Naturalization Process Reduced to Mere Signing of Paper

ENEMY NATIONS INCLUDED

Subjects of Germany and Austria Considered Loyal May Renounce Allegiance to Kaisers

Unnaturalized soldiers in the A.E.F. are to become citizens of the United States by simply signing a paper.

They may become citizens even if they had lived in the United States but a few days before they enlisted.

Subjects of enemy nations, too, who are considered loyal to the United States may by the one simple procedure renounce their allegiance to Wilhelm II or Charles I—which sovereign the accident of birth gave them—and become as real citizens as if they were born in Pittsburgh in 1885.

All this is provided for in G.O. 151, directing that company commanders immediately carry out the provisions of the act Congress passed last May to permit naturalization of aliens fighting in Uncle Sam's armies.

The procedure has been made purposely simple. The one paper, to be signed in duplicate, combines all the requirements of the usual naturalization process which takes five years. It combines the Petition for Naturalization, the Affidavit of Witnesses and the Oath of Allegiance. After an alien-born soldier signs the paper, he is to be regarded as an American citizen, with no "ifs" or "ands." The notation will be made on his service record.

Must Understand Step

But—before he signs, his commander must have assured himself that the candidate has fully understood the terms of the step he is taking and that he is sincere in his intention to return to the United States to live after the war. His character must be good, also.

The alien-born must be told that they are not compelled to take out the citizenship papers. The Government wishes the right to be given purely on a voluntary basis.

The Government will see that the granting of citizenship rights by the paper signed is made a part of the court records of the nearest naturalization court to the place of the registrant's former residence. It will see also that he eventually receives a final certificate of naturalization when he returns to the States. Final certificates will not be sent to soldiers abroad, because the papers might fall into the hands of the enemy.

An alien may change his name also at the same time he signs the paper, by simply making a notation on the margin.